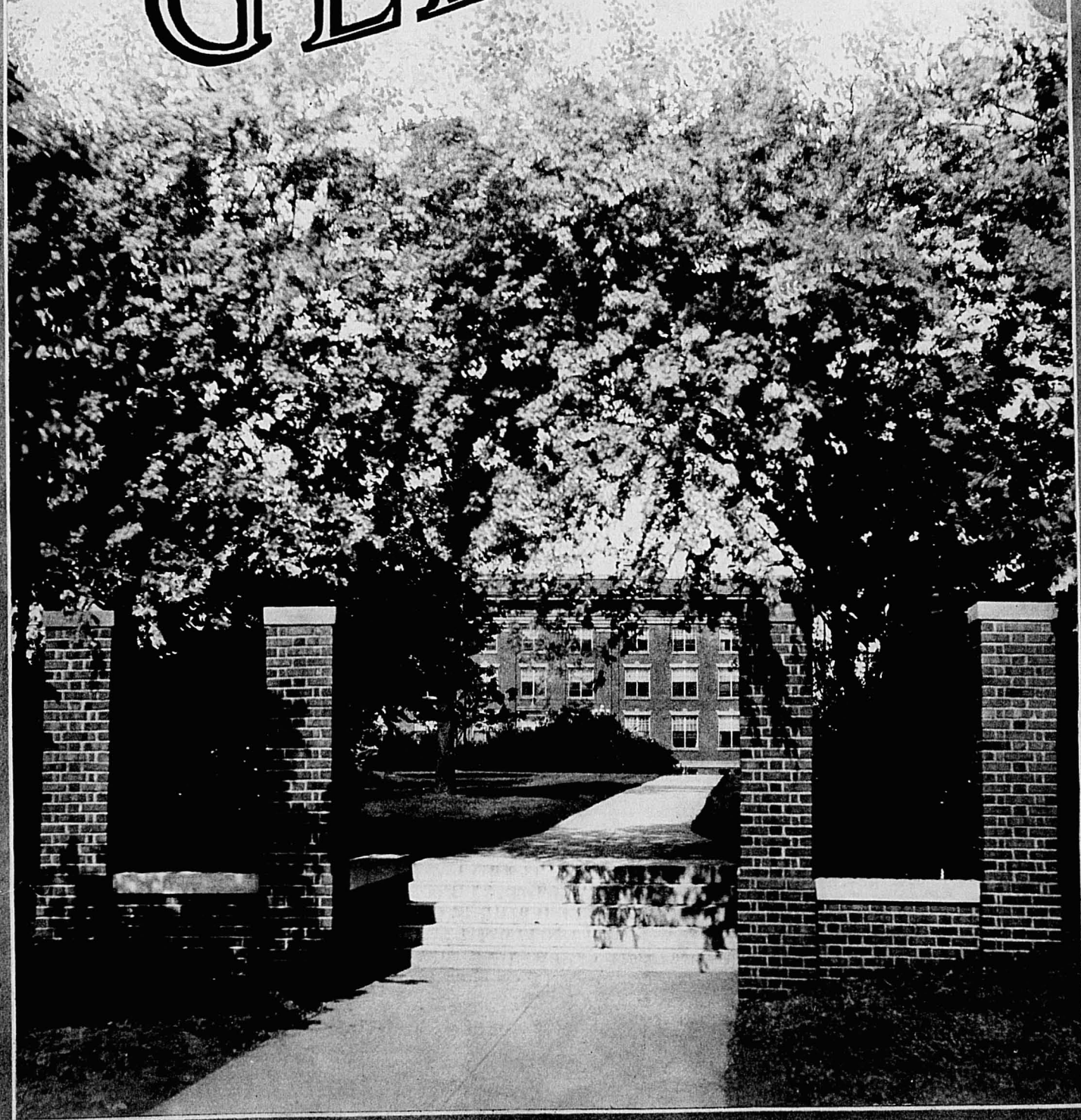


The GLEAM



The Gleam

VOL. 6

Windmoor, Kansas City, Mo., November, 1927

No. 1

THE SONNET.

A sonnet is a tapestry of rhyme
Diffused throughout with colors
rich and rare,
Whose beauty makes a pageantry sub-
lime
Marching to drums of sound and
gay fanfare.

A sonnet is a harp of fourteen strings
Played by the angels just at break
of day,
As down the sky, the shining sun-god
brings
His Urn of Light, in glittering ar-
ray.

A sonnet is a symphony of thought
Reflecting back the drama of the
soul,
And through each line a melody is
wrought
Which, at its climax, strikes a
mighty goal.
A perfect lyric, cunning in its plan—
The voice of symmetry, bequeather
to man.

—Margaret Virginia Cross

THE CANDLEHOLDER.

"I will be a candle-holder and catch
the drippings."—Adapted.

Windmoor! Windmoor in autumn!
Windmoor decked in the most gorg-
eous colors of red and yellow and
green! How it thrills the newcomers
and the ancients! What a scene for
the artist and for the very young lit-
erary genius of the English class who
is practicing that wonderful art of
learning to think on paper! Wait in
silent expectation and you will behold,
ere the June days arrive, a host of
worthy authors sprouting from this
Moor as the shrubbery did when
"Windmoor was a Moor."

"Hello there, honey!" "Toot-toot!"
"Glad to see you." "Squak-squak."
Honking of horns; piercing blasts of
sirens; shouting of girls; heads seen
sticking out of windows; everything
in a tumult. Now, do not think this
is a riot. It only bespeaks the open-
ing day of school at Windmoor. More
voices are heard. "Which room have
you, Peggy?" "Heavenly days!" "Is
Marjorie returning?" "Who Teaches
History this year?" "Goodness Grac-
ious!" Thus are expressed the hopes
and questions of the old students upon
their arrival at Alma Mater.

Ting-a-ling.

"Hello! Start the conversation."

"Darling! No! When?"

"You don't say?"

"I'm thrilled to pieces."

"May I? I'd love it."

"Oh! My dear! That slays me."

"I just can't wait."

"Is he? Oh! Precious—"

"What? Oh! No! Honey. It isn't
possible."

"I'm so glad. Well, so long. Ring
me up again some other time."

"Bye, Honey."

I don't know what this is all about,
but I hope some one does. Maybe it's
a murder, maybe it's a wedding, who
knows? Who cares?

"Hit it, Silly!"

"Oh, wait a minute."

"Ouch, that hurt."

"Gee whiz, that ball is hard."

These and many other such cries
may be heard issuing from the hockey
field on any Tuesday or Thursday af-
ternoon during a college gym class.
There is no doubt in the mind of any
of us that we are the most wonderful
players any teacher has ever coached.
We hope that neither of our teams
has to lose its pride or self-esteem.
Good luck!

—Lucia Berger, '28.

ST. TERESA'S DAY AT WINDMOOR

President of College Celebrates Silver Jubilee.

Mother Marietta, our new President
of St. Teresa's College and Academy,
completed her twenty-fifth year as a
St. Joseph Sister on the patronal feast
of St. Teresa. The jubilee was cele-
brated on Saturday by the faculty and
on Sunday by the Alumnae. Mother
Marietta comes to us from Fontbonne
College, where she has been Dean
since the opening of the college. Her
work during the past twenty-five years
has been outstanding. Throughout
the province she is noted for her exe-
cutive and teaching ability, and we
are happy to have such a worker in
our midst.

We welcome Mother Marietta to St.
Teresa's and look forward to happy
and prosperous period while she is
with us.

FACULTY NEWS.

Mother Pius to St. Louis.

Mother Pius, who for the past six
years has been President of St. Tere-
sa's College and Academy, was trans-
ferred this year to St. Louis, where
she is teaching at both Carondelet and
at Fontbonne. We wish that it were
possible to tell of all her noble work
for St. Teresa's, but the major part
of it will never be known. Every girl
with whom she came in contact can
tell of her unfailing understanding and
kindness. The good wishes of all the
old students are hers.

It was a great shock to the students
of St. Teresa's to learn that Sister
Victoria was changed, and had taken
up her work at St. Joseph's Academy,
Fontbonne. We wish her great suc-
cess in her new home.

Sister Gabriel, the new high school
teacher, came to us from St. Francis
de Sales High School, Denver, Colo.,
and we hope that she will like the
Moor as well as the mountains.

Although we were all sorry to see
Sister Ellen Joseph leave, neverthe-
less we extend a hearty welcome to
Sister Calista, her successor.

A WINTER SCENE.

The king of winter spreads his mantle
white
When all the trees are bare and dark
and cold
When grass is brown and seems of
centuries old:
A farm house stands below the moun-
tain's might
And seems alone—and yet there shines
a light.
The mountain seems to smother and
enfold
The tiny house which, too, looks ages
old.
But thus one knows there's someone
there each night.
The scene around it and below the
height
Is changed by magic into wondrous
things
The trees whose branches sparkle
'round with ice
The grass is made of snow and seems
more lithe
Upon this white a silver bell might
ring
And gives to one asleep most happy
dreams.

—Dorothy Hackett, '29.

THE GLEAM

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EDITORIAL.

We are entering this year on a policy slightly different from anything attempted heretofore, but we feel that we are still dominated by the same spirit which has always led *The Gleam* to success, and we want your approval and co-operation. We want your opinion and your advice as well as your support.

As *The Gleam* goes to press for the first time this year, we are anxious that our efforts will be received favorably by the great Public Mind of St. Teresa's. Some feel that the many changes in faculty and staff will make a decided change in our well-established paper of the past, but we hope to carry out the good old traditions of former years, together with all the many excellent suggestions of our "Public Mind." We therefore, solicit your opinions and your suggestions, which we request will be addressed to The Public Mind in care of *The Gleam*.

Again the long expected day is here. Thanksgiving day is at hand, and we are reminded to give thanks for all the good things of the past year. In this age of ours, this great day seems to signify a big dinner and a big football game. We must admit that these events are very interesting, but in the midst of all our joy let us stop just a moment to recall that other first Thanksgiving day and all it stood for, and from our hearts send up a little prayer of thanks.

As the flowers are all made sweeter
By the sunshine and the dew
So this old world is made brighter
By Windmoor's cheery hue.
—Kathryne Mary Meiners, '30.



Virginia Groves

THE PUBLIC MIND OF THE STUDENT BODY

Peggy Wonders Why.

Did you see the initiation of the Freshmen one Monday? They all looked so clever in their potato and onion sacks—. Everyone was so sorry to hear about the accident some little Jars (pardon the slip, I meant to say Jugs) had in Marion Rice's car, but why bring that up? Have you heard any of the Charity Drive speeches yet? Some were very good. Did you ever notice how much better the air is around 53rd and Troost? At least that is the opinion of some of our students, and they say the scenery is so interesting there. I was driving around the driveway and I found that here and there it was a bit rough. The only trouble seems to be that the "heres and theres" are so close together. I hear the Missouri is going to close up. Not that I'm inquisitive, but may I ask what are the Alumnae going to do about those tickets they sold? A few of the illustrious college girls are now gracing the school with their presence during lunch. I wonder why. Did you see the picture of the Hockey team in the paper? Everyone thought the captain's picture was very lifelike. It was motionless. Really, the Freshmen's party was a huge success and I was so glad to see "Liz" Stokes get the prize for her beautiful costume. I wonder how she enjoyed the show at the Midland. The Editor and the Business Manager are wrecks on account of *The Gleam*. The Editor because she has too much material, or too little, or not good enough, or some thing like that, and the Business Manager because the ads and subscriptions are not coming in, but it won't be long. Somebody please ask Virginia Kable and Marie Stewart if they like egg sandwiches. They were eating them one day and I wondered if they liked them. Did you notice the pale faces after the Hallowe'en party? Next time, Freshmen, don't serve that kind of cider. I'm certainly sorry Ruth Bailey missed so much school and I hope she will return soon. The two worst jokes of the year were just handed to me. The first was recently

heard at a Rush Party. It was: M. R. "Why are you looking at me so intently?" M. E. "Oh, I'm just staring into space." And the other, "How do you play hooky from correspondence school?" "I send them an empty envelope." The only time I'm glad I haven't long hair is when I see the time that has to be taken at noon to fix it. Did you ever look at the bust of Socrates that's in the library? It has the meekest expression.

—Peggy."

THE PUBLIC MIND OF THE ATHELETIC FIELD

Horse-Back Riding Demanded.

As a humble striver after athletics, I, a student of St. Teresa Junior College, maintain that horse-back riding should, and of right ought to be the privilege of all my fellow classmates.

The very best authorities acknowledge horse-back riding, even as a sport, to be a most splendid method of exercise. The girls who have had any experience whatever in the matter, confess it to be just lots of fun, and much more interesting than gymnastic work.

After some inquiry about the financial part of the subject, I find that the establishment of horse-back riding would not be such an expensive proposition. Our campus is beautifully spacious and can easily accommodate the great demand there will surely be for it. The majority of girls have pledged me their support and I can easily promise the faculty that their consent is most sincerely sought, and earnestly hoped for.

—Kathleen Rode, '29.

THE PUBLIC MIND SPEAKS TO THE POWERS THAT BE. ATTENTION !!

Dramatic Talent Lies Dormant in the College.

Why? No appreciation of its existence. Talent? Talent is evident. Didn't you see it in the class play of '27? Didn't you see it in the college class of '26? Why crush this budding dramatic genius? The auditorium is waiting in breathless expectation for an Orlando, a Rosalind, a Brutus, a Cassius, or even a Mrs. Malaprop to strut across the stage. A College Dramatic Club is as necessary as a College Glee Club or an Orchestra, and the combination of the three would make a great noise if not a wonderful celebration.

THE WONDERFUL ELEVATOR

To the Editor:

This is written to encourage new students to hold to their hopes that they will some day be able to take a ride in that zealously guarded conveyance—the school elevator.

I had been a student only three years before I was given my first ride. During this period I had spent many

minutes dreaming of the incident that would result in that glory; perhaps it would be a catastrophe, such as breaking a leg or fainting. Nothing seemed too much to gain such an honor. Then again it might be some hard won prize that would result in my being permitted to ascend to the second floor. Anxiously I awaited the supreme moment.

The day came at last, as all wonderful, long-looked for events do come. I walked calmly in as though it were an ordinary occurrence, trying to preserve my outward appearance of nonchalance. The door, then the gate closed; the button was pressed, and oh, blissful moment, we began our ascension up, up, clear up to the roof. There we stopped with no mishaps or accidents. But, in my happy remembrance of that joy, I almost forgot to tell the reason for the ride; the physics class accompanied Sister to the roof to read the barometer.

—Frances Harrington, '29

AN OLD SCENE REVISITED.

The last lingering glow of the beautiful autumn sunset is fading, and the warm, reddish hues are being replaced by the purple shades of evening. Across the campus, which is barren with the exception of a few newly planted trees, the light of a house can be seen. The former are delicately etched against the darkening sky, their slender trunks swaying in the gentle breeze. In the distance the little house itself can hardly be distinguished, but the light flickers friendly greetings. A few distinct irregularities on the horizon mark piles of bricks and lumber. Soon we shall have neighbors.

And yet as I look out of my window, it is not this scene I see. It is true that it is dusk,—that wonderful time of the evening when all the surrounding landscape and houses reflect the mellow shades of the evening sunset. But the lights of the houses are close, very close. And there are countless numbers of them. Soon the street lights flicker on. I say flicker because we still cling to gas lights in our neighborhood, although only a few blocks away from the boulevard which is flooded with light from the electric arcs. Across the campus heavy shadows are playing hide and seek with one another among the many large trees and shrubs. The landscape seems to melt into one continuous picture, the only distinct thing being the bleached statue of St. Joseph—its milky whiteness standing out against the black background—which greets one as he enters the gate.

Is it necessary for me tell you where I have been? Of course not! You can immediately guess Windmoor. The view of today is a bit different from that one seen from the window a few years ago. Is it not?

—Virginia Kable, '29.

FRUCTUS INTER FOLIA

A book that created much interest in the intellectual world is the one written by Sister Madeleva about "The Pearl." Its title is *Pearl: A Study*. It recently came into discussion among the writers of our own time. "The Pearl" has an unknown author and the meaning of the poem is as much in dispute as its author. It is agreed that "The Pearl" is the most poetical of all Midland English poems, with the exception of Chaucer's. It is a perfect example of religious poetry in that period. Since its discovery, scholars have differed greatly in their interpretations of it. Most of them believe that "The Pearl" gives expression to the grief of a father for the loss of his child, Pearl.

Sister Madeleva in her late and scholarly study of the question, holds that the "Pearl" is a "spiritual autobiography," that it deals entirely with a soul in spiritual dryness. The book is not only interesting, but shows a deep knowledge of the subject discussed. Like her other book, *Chaucer's Nuns*, it has a bright, open style that appeals to all who read it.

A. S. W. Rosenbach successfully answers the question, "Why America Buys England's Books" in the October Atlantic Monthly. English newspapers declare it is a new thing, a fad; but Mr. Rosenbach says it has been going on since 1840, and that it is not a desire on our part to ruin England's libraries, but a desire to have ours filled with the excellent books of which England is the owner. America is eager to fill her libraries with the rarest and most precious books possible. However, at the present time, while Americans are bringing in wonderful collections, there is a tendency to build magnificent buildings before we have the books to fill them.

"The flow of books follows the flow of gold," says Mr. Rosenbach. That is how England acquired her superior volumes, and is how America is acquiring hers. Mr. Rosenbach is one of the collectors who has brought many wonderful works to the United States, and in his private library in New York are rare manuscripts that are unequalled on this side of the Atlantic.



Miss Mary Marqua, '28, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Marqua, of Independence, Mo. Mary is the president of the College Sophomore class of St. Teresa College.

The Funk and Wagnalls Company contributed their share toward the raising of literary standards by their publication of "The World's 100 Best Short Stories," last September. There are ten volumes in this series, and they are classified according to contents; that is, Adventure, Drama, Mystery, etc. The nature of these stories encourages even those who ordinarily read only light fiction to read and enjoy them to their fullest extent. Some of the best authors have helped to compile this series; for instance, *A Lodging for the Night*, Robert Louis Stevenson; *Friends in San Rosario*, O. Henry; *The Gold Bug*, Edgar Allan Poe; and *Penrod* by Booth Tarkington. Owing to the newness of this undertaking, copies of this series are comparatively few. But as the demand for them is becoming very great, it is hoped the publishers will soon be able to fill all orders, and thus put these worth while authors into every home.

—Louise Walsh, '28.

REAL POLITENESS.

What are the essentials of politeness? You might say the mannerisms laid down in the etiquette book. Perhaps so, but I have given it a good amount of thought and, as a result, I have been convinced that there is something more important—cheerfulness and a thoughtfulness of others. Probably you do not understand what connection these two have with politeness, but is not politeness a gift offered to your own little world? Yes. Then cheerfulness which will always send a ray of sunshine into someone's life, and thoughtfulness which will put that someone at his ease, are the gifts of friendship. It is what is underneath your exterior that makes you what you are, whether you are ugly or pretty. Politeness is like a poor, little, posy which, although homely, gives to its admirers a fragrance which many a gorgeous flower does not possess.

—Mary Elizabeth Stokes, '29.

AUNT ZENOBIA'S MISPLACED SPECTACLES.

Aunt Zenobia's spectacles! What a source of trouble they were to Aunt Zenobia herself and to every member of the family. Aunt Zenobia's busiest moments were interrupted by frantic searches for her spectacles. At the most exciting times, or in moments of urgent necessity everyone stopped to do his share in trying to find them. Little Johnny, returning from school with a deep cut on his finger, would have to wait until Aunt Zenobia found them before anything could be done to help his injury. Should anyone in the family happen to point out something of interest in the newspaper Aunt Zenobia would have to read it herself, but always the spectacles had just been misplaced. Often after such a search the spectacles would be found pushed back on Aunt Zenobia's fore-

head, but this did not happen as often as one might suppose. The spectacles were sometimes found on a table or a chair, or by her work basket, where she had placed them while she rested her eyes and gazed out of the windows. Everyone claimed that Aunt Zenobia was absent-minded but, somehow, she never misplaced anything except those spectacles!

—Dorothy Hackett, '29.

A CLOCK OF GREAT VALUE.

One in New York of Many Uses.

A clock considered to be the most wonderful one ever made, was completed in 1880, after ten years of labor, by F. Meyer of New York. The great masterpiece shows the time by hours, minutes, and seconds, the signs of the zodiac, the seasons, the months, the days of the week, and various other features.

In addition it indicates the difference in time of Washington, Los Angeles, Chicago, Vienna, Petrograd, Cairo, and many other cities throughout Europe and America. Automaton tells the time as follows: a child strikes the quarter hours, a young man the half hours, an old man the three-quarter hours, and Death the hours. When the full hour is struck an automaton Washington arises and hands out the Declaration of Independence. At the same time an attendant opens the door and the other presidents of the United States step out until all of them, up to the time the clock was made, are shown. Then they all pass out through another door.

—Lucille Cramer, '29.

OLD AND RARE MANUSCRIPTS

In the study of rare and curious old books and manuscripts, we find one of the most interesting subjects known to the earnest scholar of today. The printed and neatly bound volume which we now read is the result of centuries of development.

The early Egyptians wrote all their books, documents, and important treaties on a kind of reed known as "papyrus." This papyrus was cheap, smooth-surfaced and made beautiful effects in lettering and ornamentation. It was, however, very perishable, and was soon substituted by parchment and the finer "vellum."

Until after the fourteenth century there were no books except those laboriously transcribed by hand. In the Middle Ages books were made only by monks in monasteries in what was called the "scriptorium." The lettering on these old manuscripts was very beautiful, and the beginning of each part, and sometimes the first words of each page, were written in bright ink of various colors. Here and there were bright and large initial letters, containing pictures in most brilliant hues. Such manuscripts were said to be "illuminated." Even today the colors in some are as vivid as they

were hundreds of years ago when first written.

After long hours of copying the finished volume was inclosed between massive covers of wood over which leather was sometimes stretched. The covers of important works were often studded with precious stones and banded with gold and silver. They were then fastened with huge clasps. At the end the copyist usually added a note called a 'colophon,' telling when and by whom the copy was made. "He who does not know how to write," wrote a monk at the end of one manuscript, "imagines that it is no labor, but though only three fingers are employed in holding the pen, the whole body grows weary." Another one added this note to his manuscript, "I pray you, good reader, do not forget him who copied it." The poor brother who wrote it was often obliged to sit up at night, enduring the cold and loss of sleep to finish what he could not write by day.

In the sixteenth century paper was introduced, which was made from the pulp of linen rags. Exquisite manuscripts with elaborate coverings of vellum, silk, velvet, sometimes ivory set with jewels, were now made.

The oldest manuscripts in existence are those of the Bible which date back to 350 A. D. As there are only a few of these, they are very jealously guarded. The oldest of these, which is called the Vatican Manuscript, is kept in the Vatican library at Rome.

One of the most beautiful of the Bible manuscripts in existence is a translation into Gothic by Ulfilas, the missionary to the Goths, which is now preserved in Upsala, Sweden. It is printed on purple vellum in beautiful silver lettering.

—Mary Donnelly, '29.

KINDNESS.

To follow the "golden rule" seems such a simple matter, yet how many of us have even once a day tried to lighten the burden of one less fortunate than we are, or to make his day a little brighter. A mere thought is sufficient to make us act kindly and still we fail in this respect so often. If we could remember kindness as something beautiful, and a virtue worth attaining, perhaps it would imprint itself so firmly on our memory that we would be ever mindful of it and neglect everything to acquire it. To know kindness and to be familiar with all its earmarks is indeed a noble accomplishment and more worthy of being sought than so many other things which we strive for, possibly in vain. Kindness implies generous thoughts and deeds toward our friends and neighbors, the poor and the aged.

—Mary Marqua, '28.

Miss Florence Kalis spent the week-end of November 4, in Columbia, Mo.

TWENTY YEARS HENCE. WITH THE BOYS.

(An apology to the characters that appear herein. Do you recognize Catherine Muchlschuster as "Dinny"? Cecilia Kurt as "Cecilia"? Katherine Helm as "Katherine"? Helene Tyler's little daughter as "Patricia"? Miss Smith's big boy as "Kent"? Ruth Korty's young genius as "George"?)

Part 1.

Benson was just an ordinary "Co-ed" university until 1943, when Kent Marlow enrolled. He made himself a popular leader, and for three years was the "hand that ruled the school." But in '46 a disturbing element entered in the form of a dainty blond, and equally-popular girl. It so happened that Kent and Patricia were both Juniors and in the same classes. Needless to say, there were many conflicts between them. Yet, each secretly admired the other—tho' they would die rather than admit it—and when they were at parties together, while scrapping and teasing one another, they really enjoyed each other's company more than anyone else's.

It was spring, and the California weather made a pleasure-land out of Benson. Golf grounds and tennis courts were full, the Pacific Coast was crowded, considering its size, with bathers and boats. All from Benson. You will wonder where the college part came in. It didn't. Even in our mother's time—twenty years ago—schools of learning were not popular, and now in 1946 they are completely tabooed. School nowadays is just a habit we must acquire while growing up.

For the second time, it was spring, and Kent burst into his room—not that spring had anything to do with it—and screeched with rage to the fellows assembled there.

"Do you know what that pesky Patricia threatens to do next?"

"Marry Dean Foster? That's about the only thing she hasn't tried," muttered friend George, Benson's red-headed baseball wizard.

"No such luck as getting rid of—her—" muttered Dick.

"Who wants to be rid of her," began Kent, then quickly stopped and said, "but that's not the point—"

"Oh, no, it isn't," mocked the boys. "Shut up, and listen to this," ordered Kent.

"I'm all ears," murmured George.

"You're all red," answered Dick, his room-mate. That always started a fight which no one tried to stop, for it would be a steady job.

"If you two are through rioting," Kent began when the scuffle abated, "will you lend your attention to this weighty matter?"

"My attention, sure. But I don't lend any money—see?" assented George.

"Well, keep still for a minute, then," begged Kent. "Pat is going to make Dean Foster compel us to race

that scatter-brained girl team Field Day, unless—"

"MAKE Dean Foster, did you say?" interrupted George. "The only thing you can MAKE that man do is take his pay check. Did you fall for that Kent, old boy?"

"Ye—ow! that's good," Phil chuckled. "But Kent would fall in any direction for Pat—"

"Yes, I would—not," growled Kent. "But Foster is weak-minded; and when she flashes that wonderful smile—and her eyes—"

"Well, you oughta know, old man," acknowledged George, putting his arm around Kent's shoulders.

"Oh, go to the—"

"All right," George said, making for the door. "I wonder if she's home—"

"No, she's not," yelled Kent, dragging him back. "I just came—". The fellows all yelled with delight.

"I hope you do have to race her blamed team, and that their breeze as they pass you up gives you all pneumonia." They renewed their howls, and Kent grabbing his hat started for the door, mad as a hornet.

"At that, they will probably do it, and it will," was his parting remark.



Virginia Groves

Part 2.

A FUDGE PARTY.

Over in the girl's dormitory, Pat and her three feminine "musketeers," Cecilia, Dinny, and Katherine, were gloating over their success in worrying the boys.

"—and I hope their chef serves steak and onions tonight, because Kent loves it, and he won't enjoy it this time," ended Pat after giving the details of her ultimatum.

Bending over a chafing dish in the corner, the other two of the girls' relay team were making fudge.

"They wouldn't enjoy this either if they knew we used water for milk," they giggled.

"—but did they really believe that you'd go to Dean Foster?" demanded Dinny who shared Pat's room, likes and dislikes, and anything else handy.

"Absolutely, and I really would. I bet I could manage him, too," reflected Pat.

Well, you certainly manage one fellow without any trouble," Cecilia remarked.

"I do not. I never pay any attention to him, and I'm just doing this to repay him for making the Sophs give us a handicap in that basketball game. Otherwise, I wouldn't bother about his old Frat carousal."

"I wonder if we'll get to go after all our pains," remarked Katherine.

"Of course we will. Kent knows I'd never forgi—that the girls are dying to go and—." Pat ended all confused.

"And that he'd be wretched if one particular girl wasn't there," finished Dinny.

The girls all smiled knowingly but Pat pretended innocence.

"I didn't know there was any 'particular girl.' Who is it?"

"Maybe he doesn't want it made public—and you are such a chatter-box, Pat,—but he has been heard to declare that his ideal must be—poised, peppy, and a good fellow. And that he doesn't like brunettes either."

"While they 'fell to' on the fudge, Pat curled up on the bed.

"So that's what he thinks," she mused. "Well, he's rather nice himself—though it wouldn't do for those hoodlums to hear me say so."

Several hours later, the fudge had nearly been devoured and the boys forgotten in the girls' gossip when their phone rang. Dinny jumped up and answered.

"Hello—yes, just a min—Oh! I'll call her."

"Who is it? Who's it for?"

"Don't knock the room down in your rush, Pat. It's Kent."

"Oh-o—" squealed Pat. Then in a bored tone. "What can he want?" She picked up the receiver eagerly, however.

"Hello, Patricia speaking—oh, Kent, I thought someone else—well, I have just a minute. What is it you want? What! Are you joking? Because I meant every word I said—oh, I see. So you think it would be nicer to be beaten by a girls' team than to have us attend your old carousal. Very well, if it's defeat you want, you shall get it. Sorry to put us out? Oh—ha—ha," Pat laughed. "We'd almost forgotten about it. In fact I have another date—oh, yes. Quite all right. Bye." She slammed the receiver on to its hook, and turned away with tears of anger and disappointment in her eyes. The others needed no further explanation. They sat staring into space for a moment, then all burst into conversation.

"Of all the mean tricks!"

"Those boys are about the limit."

"And I had a new dress," wailed Pat.

"Oh, I thought you had another

date."

"Don't tease her, girls," begged Dinny. "All of us wanted to go—there's no denying it—and it's agreed that these boys are horrid, but we can't go. So that's the end of it."

"No it isn't," Pat suddenly came to life. "It's just the beginning. Somehow, we've got to get permission to race those fellows, and permission or not, we've got to beat them."

"We'll beat them all right. You get the permission, Pat."

"Thank goodness, these aren't mother's school days when we'd have to get good grades to be on the team. Training is enough without study attached," sighed Cecilia.

"Yes, and beginning this minute, you're in training. So out goes that fudge," ordered Captain Pat. "Field Day is two weeks from today—the boys are in condition from football—but after that dance last night we aren't in any kind of condition."

"We can't back out though," remarked Katherine.

"Back out? Nothing short of iron-bars could keep me off the track, but you girls dash over to the gym, while I tackle the Dean," said Pat. "I'll meet you there. Bye."

Part 3.

Two hours later a formal challenge signed by Dean Foster was received into the boys' midst. When Kent came in, the fellows began taking off their coats and rolling up their sleeves and growling, "Let me at 'im!"

"What's the matter? What are you jealous about now?" demanded Kent.

"What's the meaning of this?" asked Phil, handing him the challenge.

"What is it? A love letter?"

"Ye—ah. From Dean Foster."

Kent read it. "Well—I'll be a sardine."

"You're fifty-seven kinds of 'em, but you're also captain. What are you going to do about it?"

"Why nothing. If Pat wants us to race her, why race her we do," replied the captain.

"And if Pat wanted us to jump into the river, you'd lead us right in, I suppose—"

"Now listen, fellows, that's not the idea at all. When I left here, I got to thinking about her threat, and while I thought maybe she could hood-wink Foster, I didn't think he'd absolutely make us. So I called her bluff—or rather called her up, and told her the race was on."

"And now we start training on chocolate eclairs, huh?" George sneered.

"Say, those girls aren't weak," reflected Dick. "Didn't they win the basketball pennant from S. U.?"

"And they won the girl's cup last year, remember," added Phil.

"Are you fellows afraid of losing?" Kent laughed. "About as much chance of that as there is of my taking any finals." But the boys weren't so sure.

"I'll go further, then. If we lose, I'll propose to that little tow-headed thing, and if I'm willing to propose to her, you all can run the race."

"The boys began to grin. The grins got wider and wider, for here was the chance of a lifetime. They'd even sacrifice their pride, and lose purpose—just to get old Kent to propose."

"Do you mean that?" demanded Phil.

"Sure."

"You're on," yelled the fellows. "We race!"

Part 3.

THE CLIMAX.

The two weeks passed; nobody could stop them, and Field Day at last arrived. The girls' relay team had already assembled in Pat's room when she came in.

"Oh Pat, look what just came. An invitation to the Frat carousal. Sporting of them to send it before the meet, wasn't it? Now we can go without fear of condescension—why Pat, what's the matter? You're crying."

"Oh something dreadful has happened," wailed Pat. Dinny shook her. "Stop your wailing and tell us wh—"

"Girls," interrupted Pat, "we've got to lose the race. Oh, promise me you'll let the boys win," she begged tearfully.

"But why after all our work—," began Cecilia.

"I know. But—but—"

"Quit stuttering, Pat, and tell us," commanded Dinny.

"Well," Pat overcame a sob, "I heard Fred Thompson say that Kent has promised the boys to propose to me if their team loses, and I could never stand—." She crumpled up on the bed and sobbed. The girls looked at Pat and then at one another. They had the same thought as the boys and visualized winning, just so Kent— But he would probably propose anyway, soon.

"All right, dear. We'll let them win," they assured her. "So stop crying and come on. It's almost time."

"And he called me tow-headed," Pat was heard to mumble as she went out of the door.

Part 4.

The entire school turned out for Field Day, and the grand stand was packed with doting parents, and not so doting a faculty. The stunts were performed, high jumps jumped, and then the relay race was called. Boys and girls took their places and the gun was fired. They started all right, with Kent in the lead, but first the girls would slow up, and then the boys. They got slower and slower until Kent was quite alone. Then half way around Pat pretended to fall and screamed, "My ankle, oh!" The girls all stopped and gathered round, so the boys followed suit. The grand stand roared. Kent, way up in front, but thinking something serious had happened, came back. Pat motioned for the girls to go on; the boys started again, too, just as Kent approached.

"What happened, Patricia? Hurt your ankle?" he inquired.

"No, I'm waiting for the street

car," she snapped, "go on."

"Oh!" Kent was plainly surprised. "Well, if I see one loose, I'll tell it you're out there," and he raced away.

But with Kent behind them the boys loitered so, that the girls were compelled to cross the line first. The boys' team had lost.

THE FINALE.

Needless to relate, Kent spent a miserable afternoon with the fellows on all sides of him. Evening brought the boys and girls together at the carousal. That is, all except Pat. For no amount of persuasion could make her attend. The girls said her ankle hurt her, but no one believed it, except—Kent. He sneaked away and slipped over to the house. He knocked on the door and it was opened by Pat, who looked like a dream in a blue ruffled dance frock which she couldn't resist putting on after the others had left.

"Oh—o—o," squealed Pat, "go away!"

"Why you're all dressed! Are you coming after all?"

"Of course not," she replied indignantly. "Oh go away. Please—"

"Why darling, you're crying. Does your ankle still hurt you?"

Unconsciously he put his arms around her.

"No, silly," Pat whimpered, as her head fell against his shoulder, "I'm still waiting for the street car."

"You expect too much of street cars. Better let me take you around after this." No answer.

"Pat, dear, I have something to say to you—." She pushed him away.

"No—No! I won't let you."

"You can't stop me. Pat, did you hear about my promise?" She nodded.

"Well, I can't keep it." Just like that.

"Wh—y Kent Marlow," Pat was insulted beyond words, "as if I'd listen to your old proposal, you're awful—awful!"

"Whether you'd listen or not, I've wanted to do it since September. Of course I shouldn't have made that promise, and I'm glad that I can't keep it. The reason is," Kent paid no attention to her agitation, "Dean Foster decided that our race was a farce and declared the victory void. So we didn't lose after all. Now what I have to say has nothing to do with my promise. Pat, I love you."

Pat was crying again; this time for joy. But it wouldn't do to give in to quickly.

"Go away! I hate you!" Kent looked at her and then walked to the door.

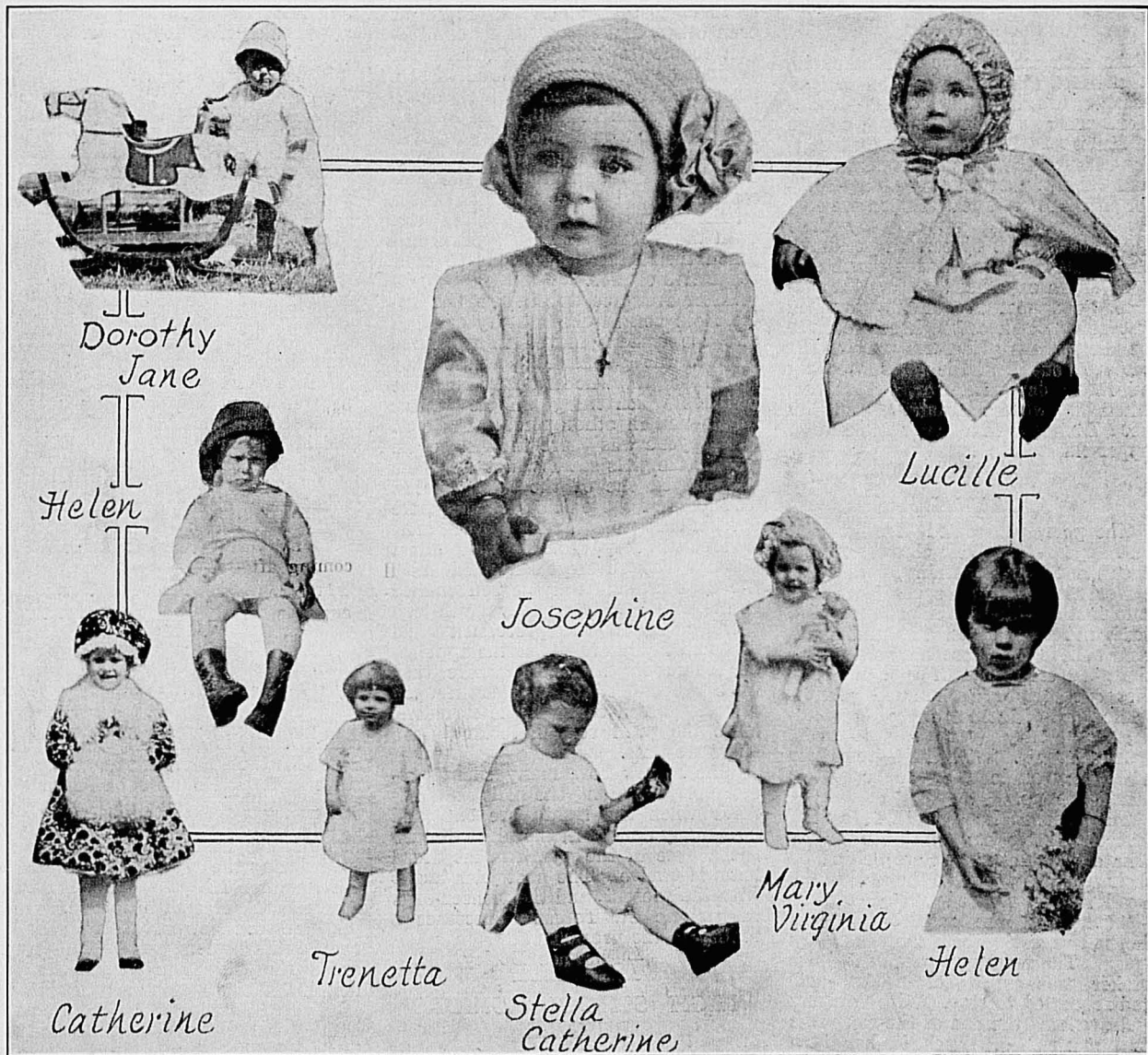
"I'm sorry. Good-bye, then." Pat was startled. She pretended to fall.

"Oh, my ankle." Kent caught her up in his arms.

"Dearest, here's your street car."

—Louise Walsh, '28.

A Few of the High School Sophomores When They Were Young.



THE FRESHMAN'S PARTY.

Entertains the Student Body.

On the 28th day of October our Freshman Class gave its party in the gym. This was a very successful event. We Freshmen worked hard to make it such and appreciated the spirit which both college and academy showed.

The gym was crowded with merry faces and happy voices. At last the sound of the march was heard and each one filed in line. All looked beautiful arrayed in gorgeous costumes. They passed along in flashing colors. Who was to win the prize? That was a difficult problem for our dean, Mother Marietta, to decide. After a close observation we were all attracted by a college girl's beautiful white silk costume. Her skirt was long and her waist line high. This gave the dress an appearance of an 1849 model. It was very appropriate for the affair. Mary Elizabeth Stokes, the wearer of

this costume, won first prize which was a ticket to Kansas City's newest theater, Loew's Midland. The second prize was given to Elsie Buchanan, who was costumed as a tin soldier. Her prize was a ticket to another one of Kansas City's newest theaters, The Uptown.

Dancing! Dancing! Dancing! That is what most girls crave. With the help of Josephine Duffy and Dorothy Hoffman, we were able to satisfy them. But dancing was not to be the only means of entertainment for our guests. We wanted something that would be pleasing to all. So we purchased Coo Coo. This is a punch board as one might call it, and it served as a great means of entertainment. Each one held her breath while some one was called to the punch board. If one refused to do the purchased act that was placed upon him, he was pronounced Coo Coo. As no one likes to be called Coo Coo, each one tried hard to do his duty. We

had two prizes to offer to the one who performed his stunt best. This was a great task for each one did very well.

At eight o'clock we had refreshments—real Hallowe'en refreshments. What happened after this? Was it a prepared trick? Yes, of course, one of the Freshman tricks. All the lights of the building were turned out. Everyone screamed while the Freshmen ran in and out among the crowd dressed as ghosts. Then the lights were turned on and the dancing continued.

Nine-fifteen! My, how time flies! "Where does it go?" each one asked. But no one can answer the question when he has enjoyed himself to the utmost. When the clock struck the hour of departing, the notes to "Home Sweet Home" floated on the air and all departed with happy smiles and pleasant memories.

—Kathleen Holloway, '31.

TWO VERSIONS OF INITIATION

BEFORE.

As each school year is ushered in, a class of students faces an embarrassing, dread-fearing event—Initiation. This year the freshman college students at Windmoor are seen trudging through the halls laden with books and other possessions of their superior classmates. The freshmen are easily distinguished, not only by their "greenness," but by certain peculiarities in their attire. Large green ribbons adorn each head, giving the victims an appearance of kindergarten children. Black cotton hose, detested by the modern girl, form part of the required outfit. The girls eagerly await the day of horror, October 24, when they will be initiated. And why not? Then it is that they will be made upper-classmen.

—Florence Kalis, '29.

AFTERWARDS.

The poor, persecuted freshies at last appeared at their classes on that eventful October morning, dressed in clever fitting gunny sacks. What a combination—Red River potatoes, bird seed, not to mention corn and oats! And believe me those freshies are of the good old-fashioned type of girls. Not one under a hundred pounds, while most of them averaged one hundred and fifty (according to their gunny sacks!). With their green hair bows they made a—er—an eccentric looking group.

The dreaded hour of three o'clock arrived all too soon, and the unfortunate ones, followed close behind by their superiors, entered the study hall. Dead silence reigned as President Marqua read the requirements—all freshmen must execute the commands given. The freshman president, Miss Stokes, was called before the chair and requested to sing. With "quivers and quavers" the end of the song was at last reached. Each in her turn then made an impromptu speech, danced, or sang. Some even played with dolls. The Seniors, always solicitous for the welfare of their younger sisters, provided exercise for them by a little run around the front drive. Miss Hausaman, not being able to bear the thought of losing sight of the cherished ones, followed close behind in her car, and incidentally hastened the trip somewhat. Ducking for apples followed. This provided the Seniors ample opportunities to use their paddles—much to the discomfort of the Freshies.

At last the Initiation was over. The Freshmen are real college students now and as college students partook of the delightful feast provided by the Seniors in the dining room. And then home to bed!

—Lucille Cramer, '29.

A MIDNIGHT REVELRY.

At the stroke of midnight there was a general stir among the occu-

pants of the pictures in the corridor of St. Teresa's. They all began slowly to come to life, looked around at each other, and then, one by one, began to step out of their places and arranged themselves in the form of a parade. At the head of the procession were some very dignified looking young ladies who seemed very regal in their extremely long dresses which swept the floor. These led the procession around the circle to the steps on the other side. They waited here until the girls of the other years had taken their places according to their respective classes.

After everyone was in line, the historic old bell in the Library sounded and the leaders moved in measured step to the gymnasium, where they found the girls who had come from the pictures which hung in the music rooms and in other places. As soon as everyone was there the fun began. One of the girls sat down at the piano and played one of the latest pieces. The girls of the earliest classes were careful not to stumble over their dresses as they danced the latest steps. The revelry continued until the cock crowed and the bell chimed in the Library. Then they again took their places in the procession and marched in stately file to the appointed frame on the walls, where they were accustomed to look down upon all who passed through the corridors. Here they will remain looking upon us as we pass.

Who knows how many silent processions pass along the halls of Windmoor when the lights are out, and how many dances in the night disturb the silence of the gym at that dread hour of twelve. The past joins hands with the present, and the pioneer days of historic St. Teresa's becomes a reality to the present.

—Florence Dooley, '28.

HIGH SCHOOL JUNIORS REJOICE.

CLASS SPIRIT.

"Have you ever seen such class spirit?" Aren't we elated and thrilled when such a remark is directed toward the class of which we are members?

The class in which its members are bound together by friendship, loyalty, and co-operation is certain to succeed in whatever it attempts. For how can it fail when it is supported by these three mainstays—friendship, loyalty, and co-operation? The class in which class spirit predominates is usually superior to other classes. It is held up by the school as a shining example for its obedience to rules, co-operation with the teachers, and loyalty to the school. Other classes fall in line, figuratively speaking, and endeavor to imitate it. The good example is not lost after its graduation from the school but shows itself in helping out in all good causes for the welfare of its dear Alma Mater.

—Margarite Reinhart, '29.

WEE-KNEE ROAST A-LA GYM.

Rain Aids Novel Idea of a Roast in the School Gymnasium.

A heavy rain continuing from the previous night proved the cause of many disappointments at St. Teresa College on the morning of October 11, 1927. Many enthusiastic students had looked forward to the annual weenie roast for a long time. And then to have it rain! It was too much.

The entire day would have been ruined had it not been for the ingenuity and cleverness of the Seniors. At the appointed hour an extremely interesting program was rendered by students from the various classes. This was followed by dancing in the gym and then came the crowning event—the weenies. Steaming hot ones in delicious buns with plenty of mustard! Coffee! Sugar doughnuts! Did you ever taste such good things in all your life? (There's not very many calories in hot hogs, either, you know. Consoling, isn't it?)

—Virginia Kable, '29.

MANY OLD VESSELS STILL USED.

Several Century Old Ships Sail From British Ports.

Although the old type of ships, the sailing craft, is gradually being abandoned for the modern steam and motor ships, a few of these out-of-date vessels are still in use in England. One of the oldest, the Ketch Cres, was built at Salcombe in 1811. The Jane was used during the World War, although she was then 113 years old. The Bee, a merchant vessel, which until lately plied between Newport, Isle of Wight, and Southampton, was built in 1801, and during that time crossed the Solent 40,000 times. Because of old age and being beyond repair, she was filled with cement and sunk as a breakwater in the Medina River. Her crew saw, from the deck, the Victory part out with Nelson in command.

Nearly sixty years ago the Cutty Sark was the fastest vessel in the world, although now she is used as a training ship at Falmouth.

—Elizabeth Weber, '29.

WINDMOOR.

Mid the busy city surroundings
Stands our Windmoor stately and tall.
Quiet, peaceful, with silent blessings,
Loved by her pupils one and all.

Living loyal friendships, twenty score
None but sweetest memories to thee
will cling.

To the days when dear old Windmoor
Sheltered us 'neath her loving wing.

—Dorothy Dye, '28.

November 1, All Saints' Day, was a holiday at Windmoor, and was enjoyed by seemingly overtaxed students of the college and academy.



SOCIETY NOTES.

The Beta Kappas entertained with a clever dance at the Brookside Hotel, Saturday evening, October 9. Harry Kauffman's peppy orchestra furnished the music, over which every one was perfectly enthusiastic.

The "Black Cats" are deserving of much praise as every St. Teresa girl present will testify.

The Chi Mu Club were hostesses at a "rush tea" given at Irene Hausman's apartment, the fourth of October, at the Ponce De Leon Hotel. The guests were Miss Harriett Burnett, Miss Mary Edith McGee, Miss Ann Katherine Lowe.

New girls sprinkled among the old ones added fun to the jolly little bridge party at Jerry Fitzgerald's house, September 22. It was in honor of the Beta Chapter of the Lambda Gamma Chi's and their friends, but it really was an opportunity for many of use to say goodbye—a mighty sorrowful goodbye, too—to her. Jerry is a freshman at National Park Seminary, Forest Glen, Maryland, this year, you know.

Although her hour of departure was rather late for "the freshies" to be awake, they couldn't resist wishing her "bon voyage" when she left October 3 on the Midnight Flyer for St. Louis, where she met the chaperon. And didn't she look too sweet for words in her black velvet suit? The hat was simply made for it, too.

It certainly must have been a disappointment to Mr. Bad Luck that the bridge party which Lucia Berger gave for the Lambda Gamma Chi Sorority, Beta Chapter proved to be such a complete success. The thirteenth of October proved lucky, if having a grand time is one of the indications. It was just small enough to be coxy, too. And the prizes—well, they were the kind you read about but rarely see.

Silent day proved as strenuous here as at the University for some of the friends of Adah Maurine Downey, who is a Freshman at Kansas University this year. Poor Mrs. Downey was almost distracted with the incessant calls. Finally word came that Adah had pledged Alpha Chi Omega. Isn't it great?

And yet another bridge party—a tea this time! At the home of Frances Harrington, October 22. Everyone had a wonderful time, but you could not help having a good time with Frances Harrington as hostess. She was assisted by the other girls of the Beta Chapter, Lambda Gamma Chi Sorority.

Quite an enjoyable thing to do on a "dew-dew-dewy day," I'd suggest. The rain didn't dampen anyone's spirit in the least at the dance which Jimmie and Marion Rice gave in honor of Jerry Fitzgerald October —, even though it did threaten to drench more than one pair of daintily shod feet.

Everyone was very glad to see our old friend, Mildred Pearson, back in the halls for a few hours one day in October. We certainly miss her in our classes. We expect Mildred at St. Teresa's College in February. Kathleen Cahill paid Windmoor a visit, October 16—the day of the Alumnae tea. Kathleen, who has spent the summer in Chicago, is on her way to Los Angeles, where she is to make her home.

Can't you just see Kathleen Riley plugging away at a typewriter and "really studying"? She declares that she is—(Oh, don't laugh!). Kathleen Riley and Mary Frances Robinson are students at Sarachon-Hooley Secretarial School.

We were so glad to learn that Lucille Eckhard and Bernadine Kennedy enrolled at Fontbonne. It seems very strange this year without Bernadine and Lucille, but of course, we could

never quarrel with them for going to Fontbonne.

Word has been received that Muriel Goodloe is pursuing her college work at Christian College, Columbia. We wish you all kinds of success, Muriel.

Everybody was surprised to learn that Helen Kelley had deserted us and thrown in her lot with the Art Institute. She has taken up costume designing. Work hard, Helen, because we expect great things from you.

The Seniors' "weenie" roast planned so delightfully and to have been held at Swope Park, was an "inside" affair, for the weather took a sudden turn for the worse. But there was dancing and hotdogs and doughnuts and coffee—and everyone had a hilarious time. (Someone told me that girls' parties always are hilarious.)

In atonement for bad weather, which wasn't at all their fault, the Seniors gave a marshmallow toast on the campus. Didn't they taste good?—though slightly "runny" and burnt!

I'm sure we all saw two familiar faces affronting us on the morning of October 4, when we picked up The Star. Under the heading of "Begin School Literary Careers," we saw Frances Hogan, Editor-in-Chief, and Frances Harrington, Business Manager of St. Teresa's quarterly, The Gleam.

The Daily American Tribune, a national Catholic Daily, gave our staff election a lovely "write-up," telling of staff and reporter appointments, and election of class officers.

Weren't the freshmen college girls amusing in their piquant green ribbons, grown slightly limber, and their sheer cotton hose. Punishment for the disobedient "Frosh" was inevitable, and Monday, the second of October, saw the fulfillment of dire threats.

Marie McNamara has loyally returned to St. Teresa's for Art's sake ('tho that really isn't his name) and pursuit of musical talents. We welcome her heartily.

So many formerly shorn heads are changing, for it seems that practically every other girl we meet is letting her hair grow.

This being "Rush Season," we have had another tea. This was a Chi Mu affair at the home of Frances Lillis. St. Teresa's was well represented and everyone had a delightful time.

The Freshman Hallowe'en party was a "hallow"-ing success. Being a mask affair, we saw our friends as they are not, and some were so amusing! Mary Elizabeth Stokes was well deserving of the first prize, and she was a truly lovely bride of romance in her mother's wedding gown.

We are pleased to see Kathleen

Soden in the Art department. We hope to see the results of her pen as well as the brush.

Following a delightfully informal and gay little buffet supper at the home of Josephine Feters, the Lambda Gamma Chi's pledged the following girls, Saturday evening, November 2:

Lucile Cramer
Mildred Ingram
Marion Rice
Vivian Coughlan
Elizabeth Weber
Dorothy Hackett
Mary Purcell
Mary Edith McGee
Louise Walsh

Ann Katherine Low, '28

GIFTS TO ST. TERESA COLLEGE.

Our school has received many useful as well as beautiful gifts this year. The members of the Academy graduating class of 1927 gave a beautiful fountain for the campus. Five maps have been donated by a friend to the history department. "A Catholic Anthology," written by Thomas Walsh, has been given by Mother Marietta to the Library, of which every St. Teresa student is so proud. The already splendid equipment in the physics laboratory has been greatly increased by Mr. James P. Graham's donation of a radio receiving set, built by his own hand. This radio set is very helpful to the students, because every part of the instrument is set out in full view. The students found Mr. Graham and his son hooking up the set on November 3, and in a short while they were listening to "The National Hymn," being played in Chicago, to the market report from St. Louis, and to music from Lawrence, Kansas.

St. Teresa is very proud of these gifts and is very grateful to those who have been kind and thoughtful enough to give them.

—Ruth Jacobson, '28.

GIRLS VISIT KANSAS CITY INSTITUTIONS

The Sociology class of St. Teresa College, through the courtesy of the "Institute of the Girl of Today," made visits to the Jackson County Parental Home, the Municipal Farm for Women, the Interdenominational Home for Girls, and the House of the Good Shepherd.

The class intends to do much along sociological lines, and to co-operate with Miss Woodson of the Provident Association in making visits to other charitable institutions of our city. Miss Woodson is a former student of St. Teresa's.

Bishop Lillis made a visit to St. Teresa's in September, and we hope to see him again and hear more of his very interesting talks.

CAMPUS GLEANINGS.

The student body of St. Teresa Junior College and Academy elected the staff for the school paper on September 30, 1927. Frances Hogan was chosen editor, with Louise Walsh as her assistant. Frances Harrington was chosen business manager, and Mary Ryan assistant business manager. Anna Katherine Lowe was appointed society editor; Dorothy Hackett, sport editor; and Lucille Cramer, news editor. The reporters were elected from the various classes. The reporters from the college Sophomore class are Lucia Berger and Anna Katherine Lowe; from the college Freshman class, Mary Elizabeth Stokes and Virginia Kable; from the Senior high school, Dorothy Dye and Mary Catherine Deveney; from the high school Junior class, Marguerite Reinhart and Patricia Finney; from the Sophomore high school class Dorothy Jane Dickman and Trenetta Grogan; from the high school Freshman class, Kathleen Holloway and Betty Ann Campbell.

The organization of the classes took place October 5. The Sophomore class of St. Teresa's chose the following officers: Mary Marqua, Independence, Mo., president; Irene Hausaman, treasurer; and Louise Walsh, secretary.

The Freshman college officers for this year are: Mary Elizabeth Stokes, president; Virginia Kable, vice president; Dorothy Hackett, treasurer; and Mary Ryan, secretary.

The Senior high school class chose: Rosemary Till, president; Mary Edith McGee, secretary; and Harriett Burnett, treasurer.

The Junior high school class chose: Patricia Finney, president; Virginia Rice, vice president; Marion Snow, secretary; and Helen Walsh, treasurer.

The Sophomore high school class elected Bernice Allen, president; Helen Gamage, vice president; Stella Catherine Adams, secretary; and Mary Virginia Downey, treasurer.

The Freshman high school election resulted as follows: Josephine Sweeney, president; Marguerite Feters, vice president; Kathleen Holloway, secretary; and Ruth Steer, treasurer.

WHO IS SHE?

Who is she, that seems so happy,
Who is she, that seems so gay,
Who is she, that goes to Windmoor
Who is she, who's here to stay?

I think she's almost any height
She might be pretty too,
Some of you sit right next to her
I'm sure that she knows you.

I'm not saying that she's dark;
I'm not saying that she's fair,
I'm not saying that she's fat or thin
I'll not say what color hair.

Now I'll solve for you the mystery,
If your ears you'll a moment lend,
She is just a Windmoor Sophomore
And is everybody's friend.

—Betty Shirk, '29.

SOCIOLOGY CLASS VISITS AMBERG CENTERS

On Thursday, November 3, the Sociology class, through the courtesy of Dorothy Gallagher, visited two social centers conducted by the Agnes Ward Amberg Club.

The St. Frances Health Center was the first place visited. A special Mothers' meeting was being held there under the direction of Miss Rosamund Losh, who is head of the Children's Bureau of Kansas City.

The Guadalupe center, the new open air school, which is the gift of the Catholic Women's Club, proved very interesting.

A group picture of five girls on the hockey team at St. Teresa College, and an inset of the coach, Miss King, appeared in The Kansas City Star, Friday, October 21.

The pictures of the Editor and the Business Manager of The Gleam, Miss Frances Hogan and Miss Frances Harrington, appeared in The Star. We are very grateful to the Kansas City Star for the many important notices that have been published since the beginning of the school year.

A few of St. Teresa's girls attended a dinner given by the National Council of Catholic Women. Those present were: Mary Elizabeth Stokes, Mary Edith McGee, Frances Harrington, Mary Marqua, and Helen Griffin. Very interesting talks were made by The Right Reverend Bishop Lillis, Senator Reed, and Dr. Cooper of the Catholic University at Washington, D. C.

The contributions to the Charity Drive were far above our expectations. Several of the girls spoke in the Assembly Hall in behalf of the cause.

The following girls addressed the students:

Mary Elizabeth Dolan
Mary Ryan
Lucia Berger
Louise Walsh
Mary Elizabeth Stokes
Mary Edith McGee
Virginia Kable
Dorothy Dye
Frances Harrington

Anna Katherine Lowe and Mary Edith McGee, as representatives of St. Teresa College and Academy, attended a Charity luncheon at Convention Hall, Friday, October 28. They had the honor of sitting at the speakers' table. Representatives from many Kansas City schools were present and the Hall was crowded. Senator Reed gave a short, but very interesting address.

Have you noticed the good looking little pins that a certain group of Windmoor girls have been wearing? They are the Lambda Gamma Chi pledge pins, you know.

**GYM-HATERS—ATTENTION!**

According to Dr. Eugene Brais, president of the Missouri Osteopathic Association, evolution will produce a race with shriveled legs, resembling an ostrich in appearance, due to the lack of beneficial exercise. This should be a warning to all those who whine and coax to get out of gym, who get doctors' certificates and excuses of all kinds, anything in fact to get out of it.

There are always persons who for some unknown reason or other, have no use for sports of any kind or any other physical exercise. These same persons, no doubt, are particularly proud of their lower limbs and take pride in encasing them in the smartest of silk hose.

Here then is where these very persons should take heed. Is it not better to take part willingly and cheerfully in all the games and exercises prescribed than to run this terrible risk predicted by Dr. Brais? This is indeed a serious problem and one not to be thought over lightly. Take heed then, "gym-haters" lest this sad fate befall you!

VOLLEY BALL.

Volley ball, that ever popular sport at St. Teresa's, has just completed another successful season. The usual tournament which has always been so exciting has come to a close.

On Monday, October 17, the Freshman and Sophomore, the Junior and the Senior games were played. The Sophomores and Juniors were victorious. These teams played for the pennant Tuesday, October 18. The pennant was awarded to the persistent and hardworking Sophomores.

HOCKEY.

The girls of St. Teresa College and Academy are looking forward with pleasure to the coming season in which they will indulge their athletic desires in many variable games. Just at present the sport that has found favor with the majority of the girls and which occupies the center of attention, is hockey. This game has just been newly introduced at St. Teresa's and is made very interesting by our instructress, Miss King.

Though hockey has long been well known in the eastern and northern cities where it is usually played, it has only in the late years been introduced in the West as a game for girls. The principles of the game resemble polo, while the names of the different players and their positions are similar to the well known game of football. The object of the game is to have each team send the ball through the opponents' goal posts. In spite of all the sore shins there is a certain fascination in hockey. Due to the inclement weather real progress was delayed, but since the field has been completed the girls have caught the spirit of the game and great rivalry is shown between the competing teams.

The freshman and sophomore college gym classes elected their respective captains, who in turn chose the following teams:

Freshman
Elizabeth Weber
Helen Griffin
(Captain)
Mary E. Stokes
Frances Harrington
Lucille Cramer
Florence Dooley
Mary E. Dolan
Marion Rice
Lucille Lehmer

Sophomore
Louise Walsh
(Captain)
Mary Marqua
Mary Ryan
Naomi Smith
Vivian Coughlan
Lucia Berger
Irene Hausaman
Marie Stewart
Frances Hogan

BASKETBALL.

The Junior and Senior gym classes have already started practicing basketball. All the girls are earnestly endeavoring to fulfill the gymnastic requirements, and the goal of achievement of every loyal student is to succeed in making the first team. We hope to have a basketball squad this year that will make a name for itself in the private school league of the city. Of course, the real basketball season is not open, but don't let that keep you away from practice, girls. Most of the players are experienced, and with new talent being developed there is no reason why St. Teresa's should not have a long string of victories to her credit.

THE EX-FIRE CHIEF VISITS WINDMOOR

Address on "Safety" to Entire Student Body.

Ex-Fire Chief, Alex Henderson, addressed the high school and college students, Wednesday, October 5, 1927.

The subject of Mr. Henderson's address was "Safety." His talk was short but to the point, and most of us will profit by it. He pointed out the many ways by which high school and college girls can insure safety to others besides themselves; for instance, in assisting younger children and older people across crowded thoroughfares and many down-town intersections. Mr. Henderson also told about the great work the "Safety Council" is doing and the manner in which it is being done. We hope to have another visit from him in the near future.

HORSE-BACK RIDING.

Lists open.

ALUMNAE FLICKERINGS

"It isn't the spurt—the sudden flash of speed—that wins the foot-race. It is the steady determined, courageous running all the way from the starting line to the goal."

Somewhere in my reading I came across the above brief but apt homily. How truly should it bespeak our attitude toward our Alma Mater. We should not feel that the acquiring of a diploma automatically severs our connection with our school. It is then that our loyalty and devotion to it really begins. To keep St. Teresa's moving forward, to cover more ground, to progress in every possible way, should be the definite aim of every one of us who has had the privilege of being associated with her.

And now granted that that aim is a reality, as of course it is of every true St. Teresa graduate, the question now arises, What can I personally do to help St. Teresa's.

First, we can make our Alma Mater well-known and respected by our personal conduct. For, we are all living advertisements of the teaching and training of our teachers. It is not only unjust, but also dishonest on our part, if we do not live up to those precepts engendered in us while at school.

Each of us should take at least an active interest, if not an active part in Alumnae activities. Therefore, let us all make a special effort to attend the various functions which the Alumnae will sponsor. There will be book luncheons at which the latest plays will be reviewed. The social activities will include dances and theater parties.

SECOND ANNUAL ALUMNAE MEETING.

On October 16, 1927, the Alumnae held its second annual meeting. The attendance was good, although there should have been many more present.

Mother Marietta, the new President of St. Teresa's attended the meeting. We were very gratified to hear Mother's words of praise in regard to the good work we have been doing. We feel that we must make a still greater effort to justify Mother's belief in us.

During the course of the meeting it was decided upon to take over the Missouri Theater for one night. Half of the proceeds were to be given over to the Alumnae as a reward for selling the greater number of the tickets. Later, however, due to the position of the stock company, it was thought to be unwise to go through with this affair.

Miss Frances Helm was appointed delegate to the Catholic Women's Federation of Alumnae.

After the business of the meeting, a reception was held, and tea was served by members of the Alpha Chapter of the Lambda Gamma Chi Sorority.

ALUMNAE CARD PARTY.

On Wednesday, October 26, Mrs. E. C. Hauber sponsored the first of a series of bridge parties to be given by the Alumnae during the winter.

Prizes, tallies and cards were donated by: Mrs. George Noonan, Mrs. Frederick Wirthman, and Miss Frances Helm. The object of this party, and of those of the coming season is to augment the sum pledged by the Alumnae toward the driveway fund. The amount charged per table is two dollars. This is a splendid way to return social obligations, and at the same time contribute to a worthy cause. We urge your attendance at the coming parties.

Those who had reservations were:

Miss Frances Helm
Miss Catherine Muehlchuster
Miss Monica Ryan
Mrs. George Noonan
Mrs. F. G. Wirthman
Mrs. Herbert Ziegler
Mrs. Clemmet Hauber
Mrs. Cecil Yeager
Mrs. Joseph Gier
Mrs. Frank Huben
Mrs. Frank Williams
Mrs. Margaret Scurry
Mrs. Emmet Doyle
Mrs. Frank Wheeler
Mrs. John O'Gara
Mrs. Emmet Brosnahan
Mrs. Ray Deady
Mrs. Henry Callahan
Mrs. William Kruch
Mrs. Grover Joyce

OVER THE TEACUPS

The day was cold and drizzly. It was with a sigh of satisfaction that I curled up in my comfy armchair and waited for Jane. Jane, I reflected, was a bit unusual, for no one but she would venture out in such inclement weather. But it was never too bad for Jane to be out. Even while I was thinking, I heard her gay voice in the hall and the swish of her slicker and galoshes.

"Well, you purry old dear, sitting there all curled up like my pet angora." I had already laid the tea things. "My, but you are considerate. I am nearly famished."

From then on Jane talked and I listened.

"Oh, my dear," she continued, "have you heard the latest?" "Mrs. Nalda Tyler (Mary Cecilia Gunther) has a baby boy, Daniel by name."

"I just came from Independence. You remember Jo Zelma Smith, now Mrs. A. B. Taylor, who was head of the Expression department from '22 to '26? She has a young son and heir who must live up to the name of Kenneth Huntington Taylor. Yes, Miss Smith has resided in Independence since her marriage shortly after the June we graduated from college."

I then took the opportunity to re-

mark about the varied careers of the girls. Jane took up my topic readily.

"Varied careers, yes, rather," said she. Mary Cecilia Kurt, who is radiantly collecting recipes and embroidering towels, is to be married in May-time."

Then she continued, "Dorothy Helm—Geisel was married in May and she fairly beams with happiness. She lives in Salina, you know. Honestly, Gertrude, when you see people like those two, it makes you think more seriously of marriage."

"Don't tell me you are thinking of it?" I asked agast, for Jane and I had decided to be bachelor girls. I offered her a cup of tea thinking the weather had at last dealt a death blow to our plans.

Jane took the proffered tea, but her eyes still held a dreamy expression. Between sips of tea and hurried bites of cake, I learned that Pauline Altman is home for the winter.

"Just think," said Jane, in a tremulous voice, "Pauline has an opera engagement to sing next year at Deauville and at Cannes! St. Teresa's has a full fledged opera singer!"

We both agreed that an extra cup of tea was necessary to celebrate this event. Then Jane remarked that she believed she would specialize in Art. My fears were speedily allayed at hearing this, and once more I saw our apartment in sight.

"And do you remember Catherine Meuhlschuster? She is teaching expression at the Visitation school. She tells me that she has ninety children. Imagine!"

The phone rang just as I started to tell her about the interesting luncheon I had attended. It was Jane's mother.

"TRudy, dear," said Jane, "I must go along." Mother says a special from Kay Helm has just arrived. She always is doing so much—. By this time Jane was halfway out the door.

"Bye, dear, enjoyed the tea immensely, and thanks for all the news!"

PERSONALS.

Miss Frances Cultra, '21, was married October 26, at seven o'clock in the evening at her home in Salina, Kansas, to Mr. Eugene Floyd. Mr. and Mrs. Floyd are now at home in Salina.

Miss Veronica Allgaier, '24, has resumed her studies at K. U.

Miss Frances Helm, Alumnae President, '20, attended the National Federation of Catholic Women's Alumnae, November 10, 11, 12.

Miss Helen Purcell, '23, was married Wednesday, October 26, at St. Francis Xavier Church to Mr. Henry Hodes. Mr. and Mrs. Hodes are at home at 5220 Rockhill Road.

Miss Katherine Lynch, '24, will complete her college course at Mis-

souri University this coming year.

Miss Geraldine Fitzgerald is attending National Park Seminary, in Washington, D. C.

Miss Adah Maurine Downey, 27, has begun her college work at Kansas University. She is specializing in music.

Misses Dorothy Hackett, Mary Elizabeth Stokes, Frances Harrington, Virginia Kable, Helen Griffin, Kathleen Rode, Josephine Fettes, Mary Ryan and Marion Rice, all of the class of '27 have returned to their Alma Mater to continue their college work.

The Alpha Chapter of the Lambda Gamma Chi Sorority entertained with a Hallowe'en party at the home of Kathleen McDonald, '23-'25.

Miss Marcelline Pendergast, '25, is spending the winter at home after a delightful summer in Europe. Miss Pendergast graduated last June from National Park Seminary.

Mr. and Mrs. Harlin Hutchings (Vernita Hackett, '20) announce the birth of a baby girl the 31st of August, who has been named Barbara Elizabeth.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Becklean (Helen Fitzpatrick, '24) and baby daughter are now residing in Kansas City at 5132 Olive.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Roberts of Chicago (Alda McCormick, '24) are visiting Mr. Robert's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Roberts.

Miss Katherine Helm, '24, will complete her studies this coming year at St. Mary of-the-Woods.

Miss Mildred Dye, '24, was married June 15 to Mr. John Luebbing at the June 15 to Mr. John Luebbing. Mr. and Mrs. Luebbing are now at home in the Cornado Apartments, Lakeshore Drive, Chicago.

SERVICE WORK.

How many people feel that when they have made their donation of money once a year to the Community Charity Chest, that their charitable work is completed until the next drive is made? And again, how many people would really like to be of assistance and yet never accomplish anything because they never know where to begin?

In order to correct these ideas and to impress upon the students the truth of the statement that one half of the world never knows how the other half lives, field trips have been arranged in connection with the college class in Sociology.

During the convention of the Institute of the Girl of Today, visits were made to the Jackson County Parental Home, to the Municipal Farm for Women, and to the House of the Good Shepherd. At the first of these institutions, the value of the cottage system of housing dependent children was demonstrated. At the House of the Good Shepherd, the methods of care employed by disciplinary institutions was illustrated.

A second afternoon was spent in visiting several of the social centers

maintained by the Amberg Club. At the St. Francis Center a special meeting for mothers was being held under the direction of the officers of the Children's Bureau of Kansas City, which showed some of the effort being put forth by this city to stamp out disease. At the Guadalupe Center splendid examples of settlement work were seen in the recreational house maintained by the Amberg Club, and in the open air school which was donated to the Mexican people by the Catholic Women's Club.

The members of the Sociology class have offered their services to the Amberg Club and expect to help at a center which is to be established soon in the Polish district. Members of the Alumnae can also be of assistance in this work, either by offering their services, or by donating used clothing. Don't wait for someone else to make the first move, for remember much good is being left undone for want of interested workers.

GLEAM SUBSCRIPTIONS

We hope and expect that every member of the Alumnae will subscribe to *The Gleam*. Through *The Gleam* we of the Alumnae keep in touch with what our prospective members are doing. They in turn see what we are doing and what is expected of them as members of the Alumnae. The space given us in this publication is gratuitous. We can show our appreciation by rendering such assistance as is within our power.

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MUSIC AND ART NOTES.

Keenest rivalry is apparent among the music students with the introduction of class teams. Each lesson is graded. The grades are added at the end of the month, and the winning team is treated by the other. Miss Virginia Rice and Miss Mary Marqua are captains of the teams.

The orchestra is now in progress. The orchestral numbers this year will be chosen by the members.

Glee Clubs have been instituted in both the college and academy. We wish the clubs rapid advancement.

It will be interesting to know that Miss Mary Kane, a freshman college student last year at St. Teresa's, won considerable recognition in her art work at the Oklahoma State Fair held at Tulsa. Her water color painting, *The Garden of Hope*, and her ceramic vase, with the Grecian ladies, which was exhibited in the annual art exhibit at St. Teresa's, were placed in the professional division. The painting won first prize, and the ceramic vase second. Her plastic art won second prize as plaque. We congratulate Miss Kane and wish her a continuance

of her success in any future efforts.

The achievement of Miss Kane will doubtlessly prove an inspiration to the present art students who are evincing a great interest in their work.

Miss Helen Skinner is painting a dessert set with dainty wild roses, as is also Miss Mary Virginia Downey with realistic forget-me-nots. Miss Bernice Ake is painting an after dinner set, and Miss Marion Rice, a fruit set. Miss Helen Walsh is working in Commercial Art.

—Trennetta Grogan, '30.

A GLIMPSE OF THE WORLD ON WHEELS. THE HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF AMERICA.

A BIT OF HEAVEN.

We had driven a few miles from the resort along a stretch of winding road, when we arrived at a picturesque inn. Situated high above the lake, the large white colonial house with its rambling green porches commanded an ideal view of all the surrounding country—that is, the surrounding woods, for the greater part of the shoreline was heavily wooded with tall, majestic pines and graceful birch trees. The soft white bark of the latter gave them the appearance of lights shining through a veil of dark green. A gentle breeze carried a whiff of the sweet spicy fragrance of the pines, and below the lake—but was it a lake or a mirror reflecting millions of sunbeams? A few lazy ripples, together with the musical sound of tiny wavelets washing against the pebbly beach answered the question immediately. Out in the middle a gull dipped and rose, unconsciously forming a perfect picture, his snowy white wings etched against the clear blue background. Is it necessary to say we turned our backs on this bit of heaven reluctantly, and entered the inn?

—Virginia Kable, '29.

A GLIMPSE OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Far down on the coast of Southern California, with one tip touching Mexico is the little so-called island of Coronado. It is spoken of as an island because it is entirely surrounded by water except for the thin "Silver Strand" which connects it by auto road with Mexico. As for its name, I really do not know if it is named for that thrilling and romantic figure of old Spanish history, the explorer, Coronado. It is surely a charming place in its setting of the sparkling Pacific and its decidedly Spanish atmosphere. Across the bay in one direction is the old Spanish house known as Ramona's marriage place, and on the other side, where on a clear day it may be seen from Coronado, stands the old Spanish lighthouse.

It is a long, hot, tiresome journey by train across the mountains, and the steaming sands of the Mohave Des-

ert, but as one nears the coast line long rows of orange groves stretch away from the tracks replacing the burnt sage brush and cactus.

Los Angeles! Hollywood! Then if one cares to leave all this modern bustle and excitement one may travel on toward San Diego, and across the bay—Coronado. After leaving Los Angeles the orange groves may be seen again, but soon one comes to a little town far down in a valley, San Juan Capistrano. Here stands the old Mission, the first we have seen so far—and also the first picture of old Spain. This is a place where one might roam for hours amid the ruins and the old bells. Indeed, seated everywhere, are painters trying to catch the illusive spirit of the spot which seems peopled with the ancient monks and the Indians they tried so hard to civilize and save.

But to complete the journey one needs to hasten on. Toward evening we reach San Diego and take the ferry across the bay. There is nothing unusual about Coronado—rows of little summer cottages, a single business street, and the old rambling hotel surrounding a court, which at one glance repays one for this long journey. It is a paradise of flowers. The blue ocean breaks and roars on one side and the calm waters of the bay dotted with crafts, is on the other side. Really just a tiny island, but what a peaceful, happy place to spend a summer!

—Dorothy Hackett, '29.

A VAST STRETCH OF PRAIRIE

It was one of those calm, peaceful evenings in September when we reached our destination in New Mexico. The only vision before us was miles and miles of territory—just a seemingly endless stretch of prairie. The sun had already set, and the stars peeped out just a tiny bit. The magnificence of the new moon seemed to have dimmed the usual brightness of the stars. There was no light apparent, save those of the car and the heavens, as far as one could see, and we gazed in awe and wonder at God's handiwork. The silence was perfect and the heavens might have been compared with the moon as Master and the less luminous planets as the Angels. To me, it seemed, indeed, a country beyond, and a mingled feeling of happiness and sadness passed over me as we drove with only the engine breaking so suddenly the awful silence and sweet melancholy that had prevailed so long unbroken.

—Mary Marqua, '28.

GREY'S COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

(Visited by a St. Teresa College Girl)
During my travels this summer I saw many interesting places and things, but one place interested me more than any of the others. No doubt this was because I knew more

about it, having put a great deal of study on the poem written about it. This place is the little Country Church yard about which Grey wrote his noted Elegy. The Churchyard, to my mind, could not be more beautifully described than it is by Grey in his poem. The yew trees still stand as a protection to the old tombstones, while rose trees line the paths which lead in different directions. It is a scene long to be remembered. The Church is a quaint old English type building. Here the Penn family and also Shakespeare attended Sunday services. The Penns' entered the Church by a door which lead direct to their private stall—this being the custom of the well-to-do class then. Everything about the place was enchanting. One could spend hours there and never tire of the place. And now that I am home again, I like to recall the beautiful historical scene to mind and dwell upon its quaint picture.

—Irene Hausaman, '28.

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

At Yellowstone National Park, one of the most interesting places in the United States, we find one particular view that brings visitors from all over the world—the Old Faithful Geyser. It erupts every hour right to the minute. At the hotel is a clock which is set just as the geyser begins to erupt, and after the eruption is over, it is set to the time when the next eruption takes place.

The next most beautiful scene is the canyon. It is worth the trip from Kansas City to see this magnificent scenery. It is so deep that when one looks down into it, the rushing water looks like a piece of narrow ribbon floating in the air. Flowers adorn the sides of the canyon, although there are a few pine trees here and there. There are two beautiful falls in the canyon. One is called the upper falls; the other, the lower falls.

—Marion Rice, '29.

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—Harriett Burnett, '28.

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 2. Do not keep thy book open during recitation, nevertheless, it is permissible if thou can get away with it.
 3. Do not insist upon chaperones when thy superiors think it better for you to be unchaperoned.
 4. Do not let thy teacher call thee to arise more than three times in one morning, lest she should grow weary and let thee remain in bed.
 5. Do not wander aimlessly around the halls during class time, lest thou grow weary.
 6. Do not take more than forty-five minutes for dressing for gym, lest you be marked tardy.
 7. Do not keep a library book out over nine months, because someone else might want to read it.
 8. Pay your class dues early in the year, lest your class officers should grow impatient and pay them for thee.
 9. Don't be tardy for more than seven classes a day, lest you should miss an interesting lecture.
 10. Do not raid the kitchens as your predecessors have done, lest it be the cause of your acceptance of the "walking-out papers."
- Dorothy Jane Dickman, '30.

HITTING THE LOW SPOTS.

Hemmandham: "Do you travel much in that old flivver of yours?"
Shimmerpate: "From coast to coast."

AND



OTHERWISE

"Goodness! Have you really gone from Maine to California in that boat?"

"Oh, no, I mean I coast down one hill and then tow it up another one, and then coast again."

Aunt Jemima: "Ah wants some cabbage fo' my chillans."

Grocer: "Why don't you feed 'em some carrots for a change, aunty? They're cheaper and have more food value for growing pickanninnies."

Aunt Jemima: "Now, now, doan' you go tellin' me! Doctor says feed 'em green vegetables and you know right well carrots is pink!"

—Lucille Smith, '30.

Bernice Ake: "What is P. M. devotion?"

Josephine Duffy: "Why, what do you mean?"

Bernice Ake: "It says on the bulletin board 6:30 P. M. devotion."

Virginia Groves: "Safety First. (Algebra) Stop at signs and think!"
—Marion Snow, '29.

CONDOLENCES.

The faculty and students of St. Teresa College and Academy wish to extend their sincere sympathy to Mr. Longfellow in the death of his father.

Millicent Gillpatrick, in the death of her mother.

Dorothy Jane Dickman, in the death of her grandmother.

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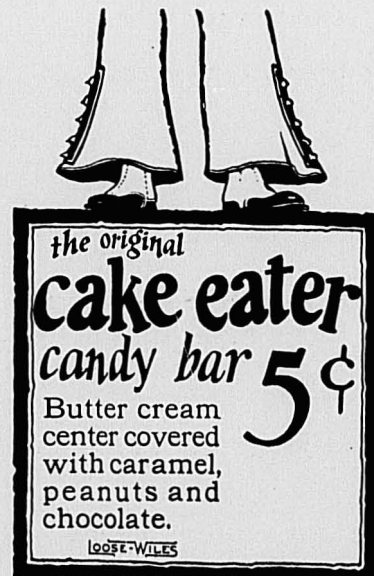
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